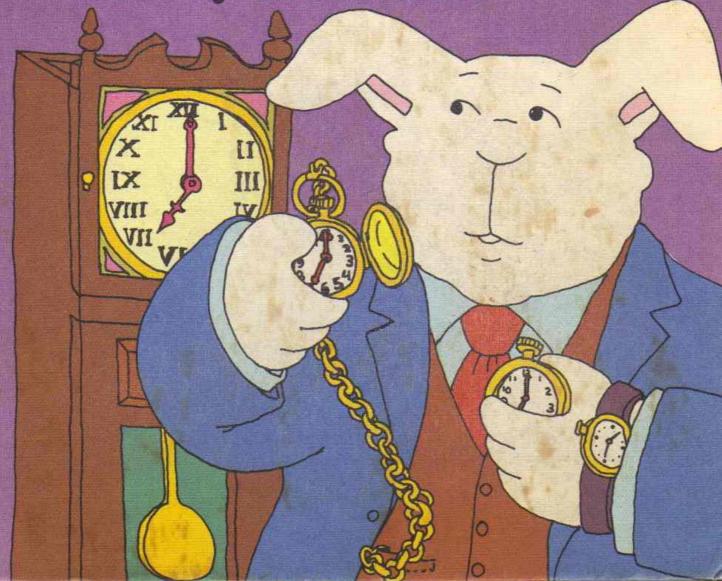
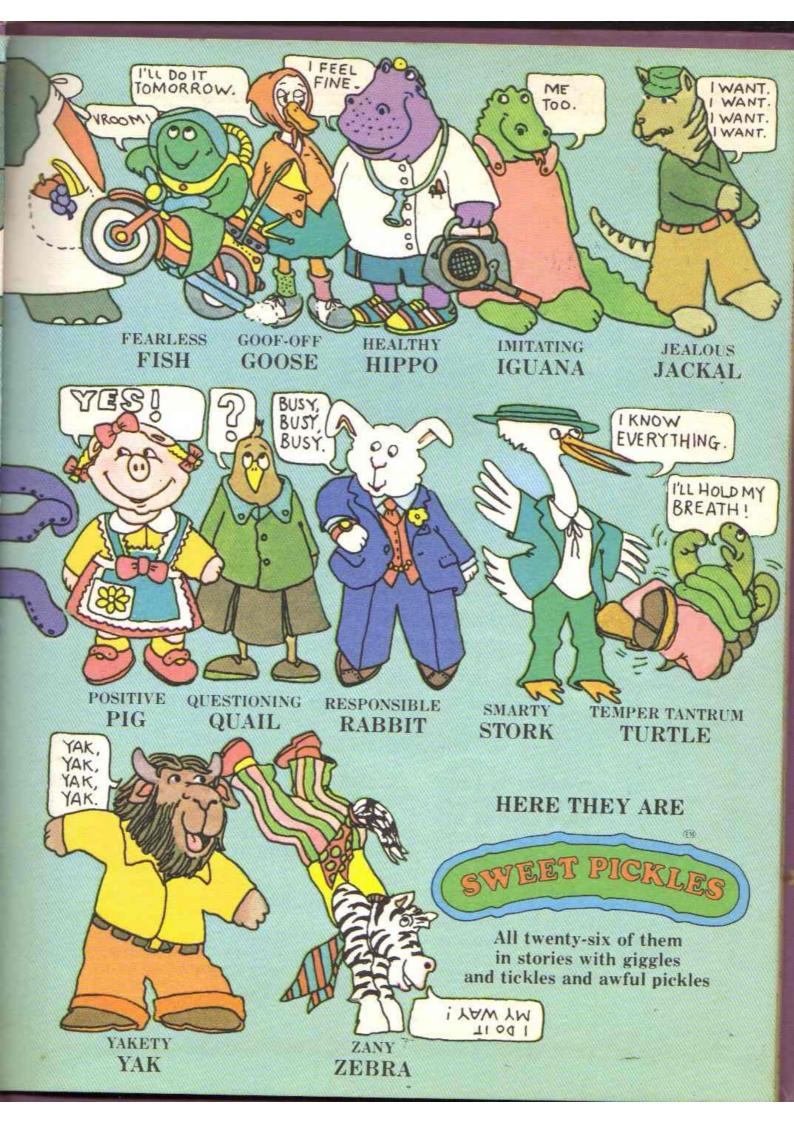


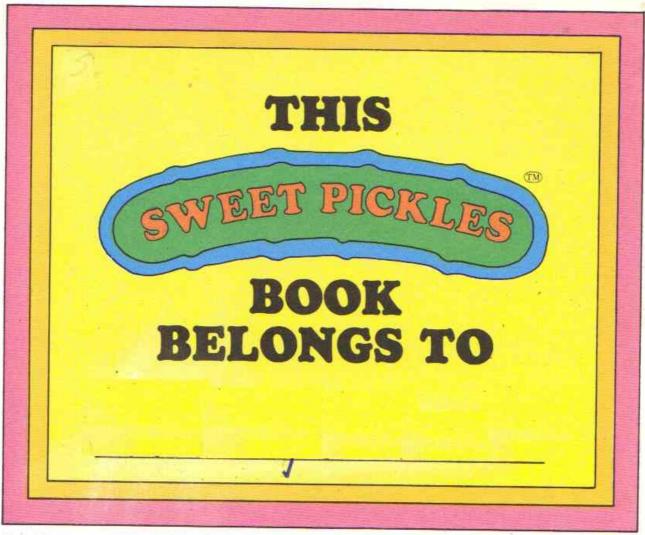
REST BABBBT REST

Written by Jacquelyn Reinach Illustrated by Richard Hefter









In the world of *Sweet Pickles*, each animal gets into a pickle because of an all too human personality trait. This book is about Responsible Rabbit who's so busy, busy, busy he never takes time to relax.

Other Books in the Sweet Pickles Series:

WHO STOLE ALLIGATOR'S SHOE?
SCAREDY BEAR
FIXED BY CAMEL
NO KICKS FOR DOG
ELEPHANT EATS THE PROFITS
FISH AND FLIPS
GOOSE GOOFS OFF
HIPPO JOGS FOR HEALTH
ME TOO IGUANA
JACKAL WANTS MORE
WHO CAN TRUST YOU, KANGAROO?
LION IS DOWN IN THE DUMPS
MOODY MOOSE BUTTONS

NUTS TO NIGHTINGALE
OCTUPUS PROTESTS
PIG THINKS PINK
QUAIL CAN'T DECIDE
STORK SPILLS THE BEANS
TURTLE THROWS A TANTRUM
HAPPY BIRTHDAY UNICORN
KISS ME, I'M VULTURE
VERY WORRIED WALRUS
XERUS WON'T ALLOW IT!
YAKETY YAK YAK YAK
ZIP GOES ZEBRA

Library of Congress Cataloging in Publication Data

Reinach, Jacquelyn. Rest, rabbit, rest.

(Sweet Pickles series)

SUMMARY: Rabbit's schedule keeps him so busy

his friends have to trick him into resting.

[1. Rabbits—Fiction] I. Hefter, Richard.

II. Title. III. Series.

PZ7.R2747Re

[E]

77-13311

ISBN: 0-03-042056-3

Copyright ©1977 by Ruth Lerner Perle and Jacquelyn Reinach

All rights reserved, including the right to reproduce this book or portions thereof in any form. Published simultaneously in Canada by Holt, Rinehart and Winston of Canada, Limited.

Sweet Pickles is the trademark of Ruth Lerner Perle and Jacquelyn Reinach.

Printed in the United States of America

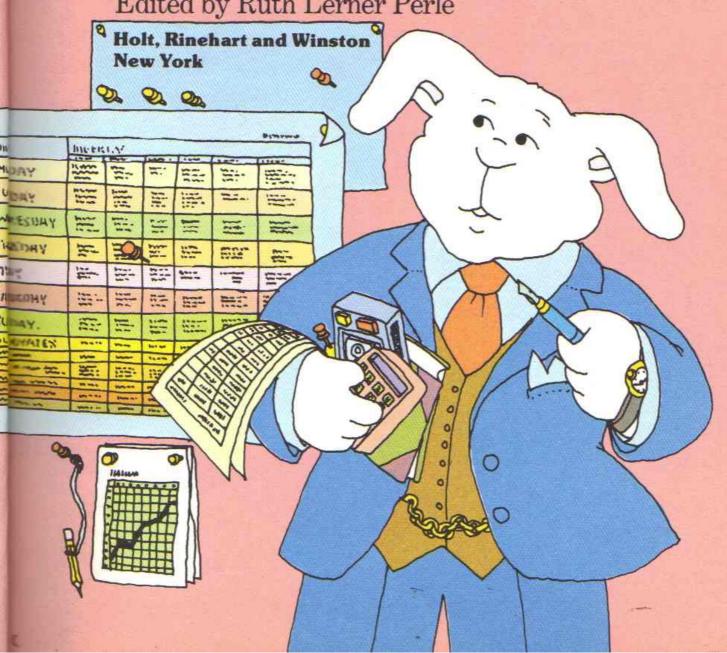
Weekly Reader Books' Edition

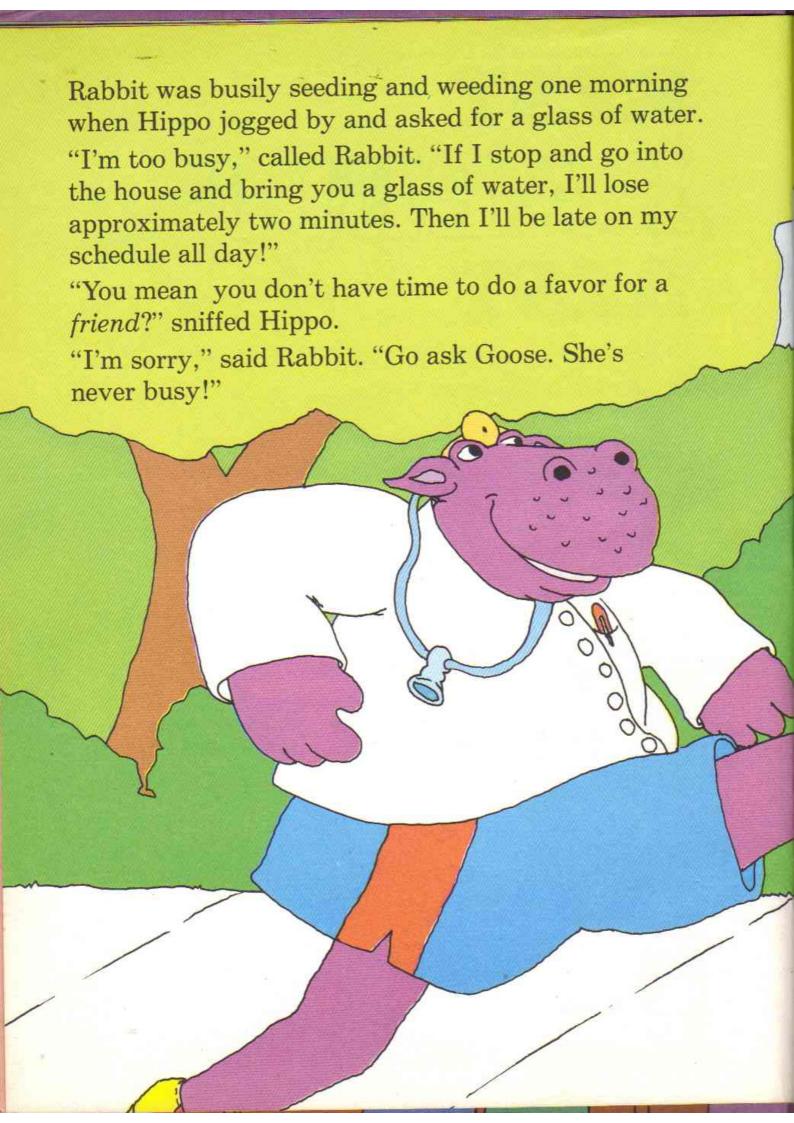
Weekly Reader Books presents

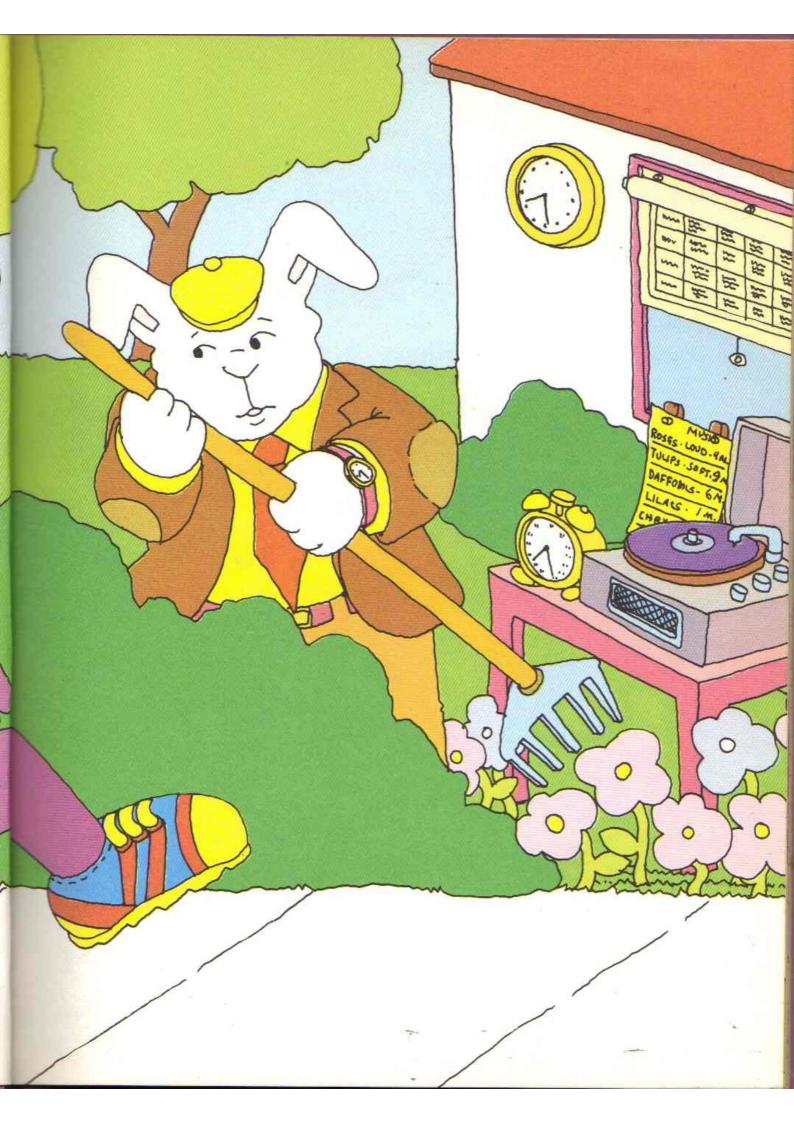
REDCT ABBIT REST

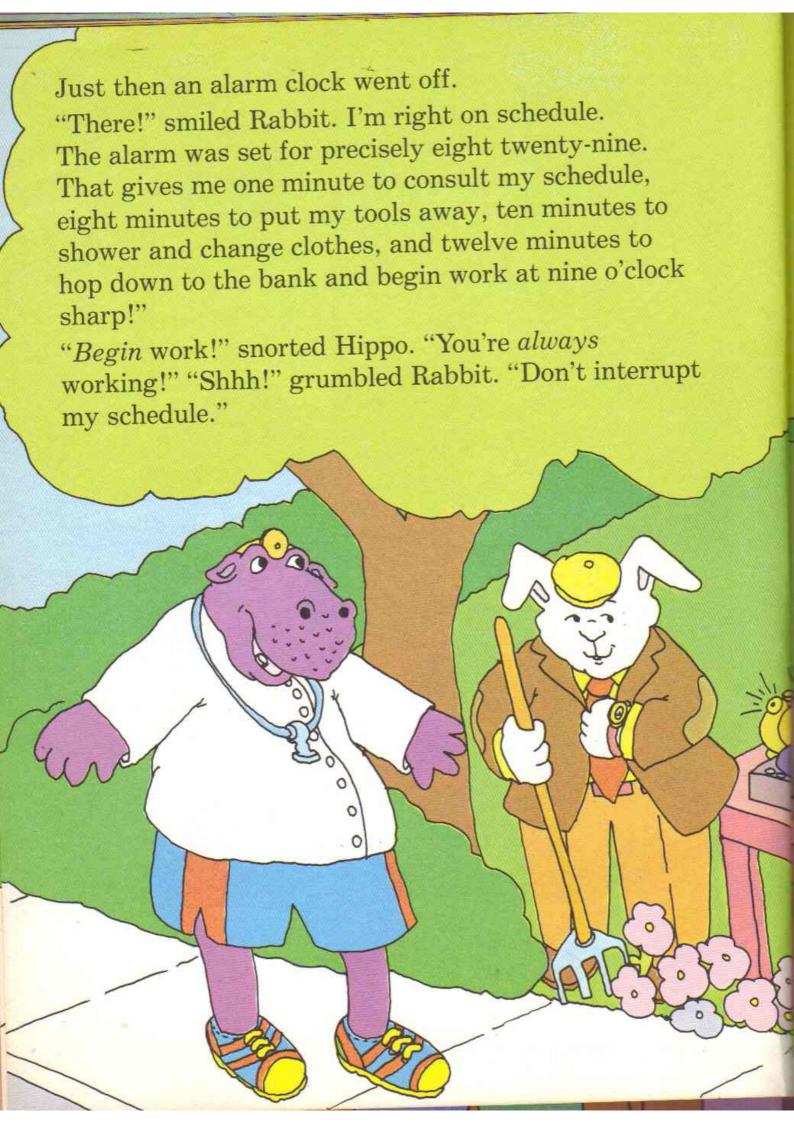
Written by Jacquelyn Reinach Illustrated by Richard Hefter

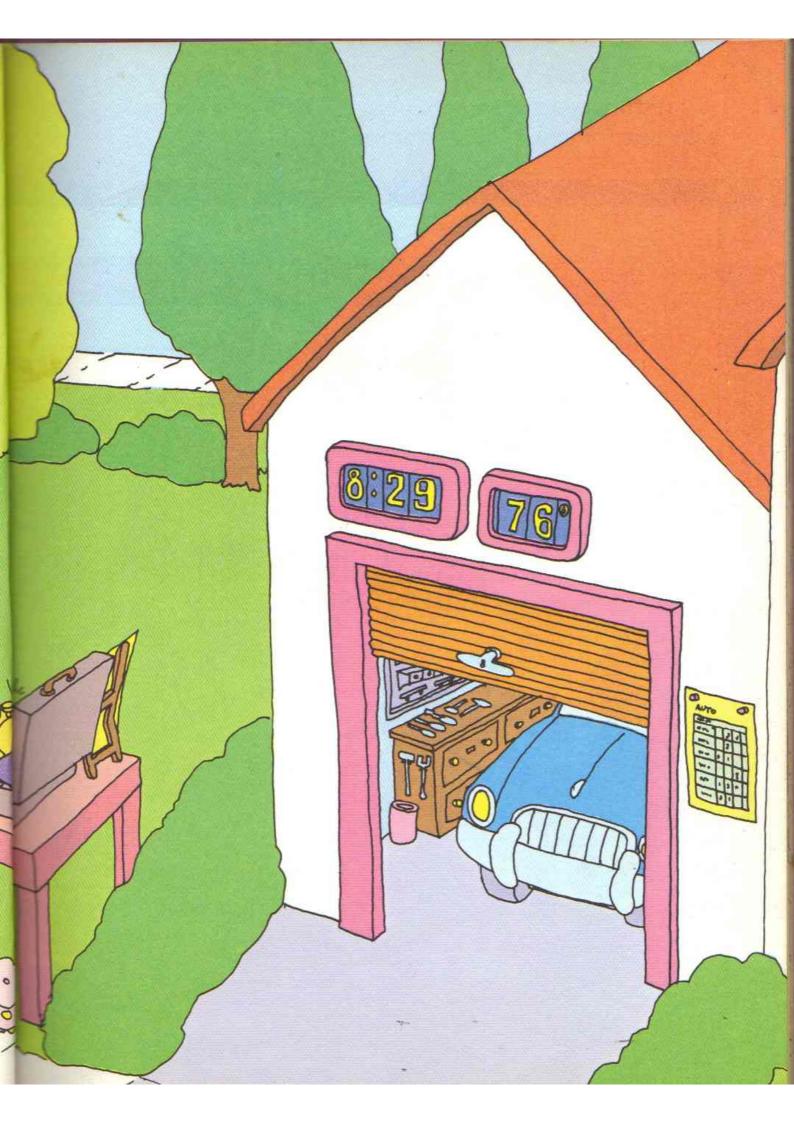
Edited by Ruth Lerner Perle



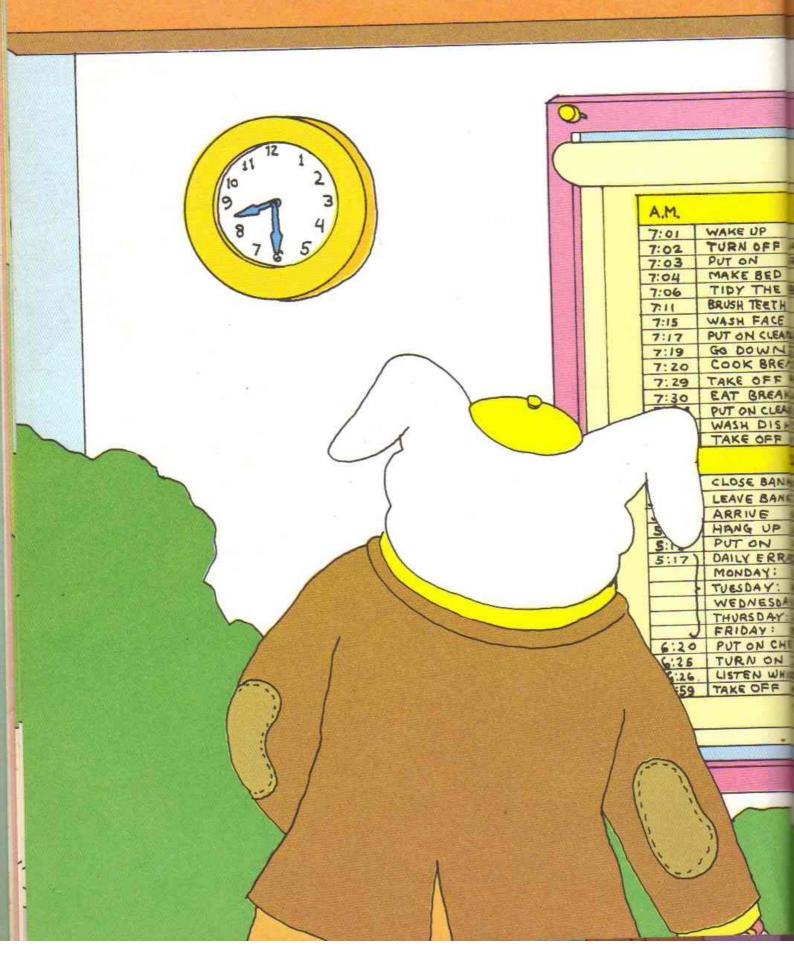


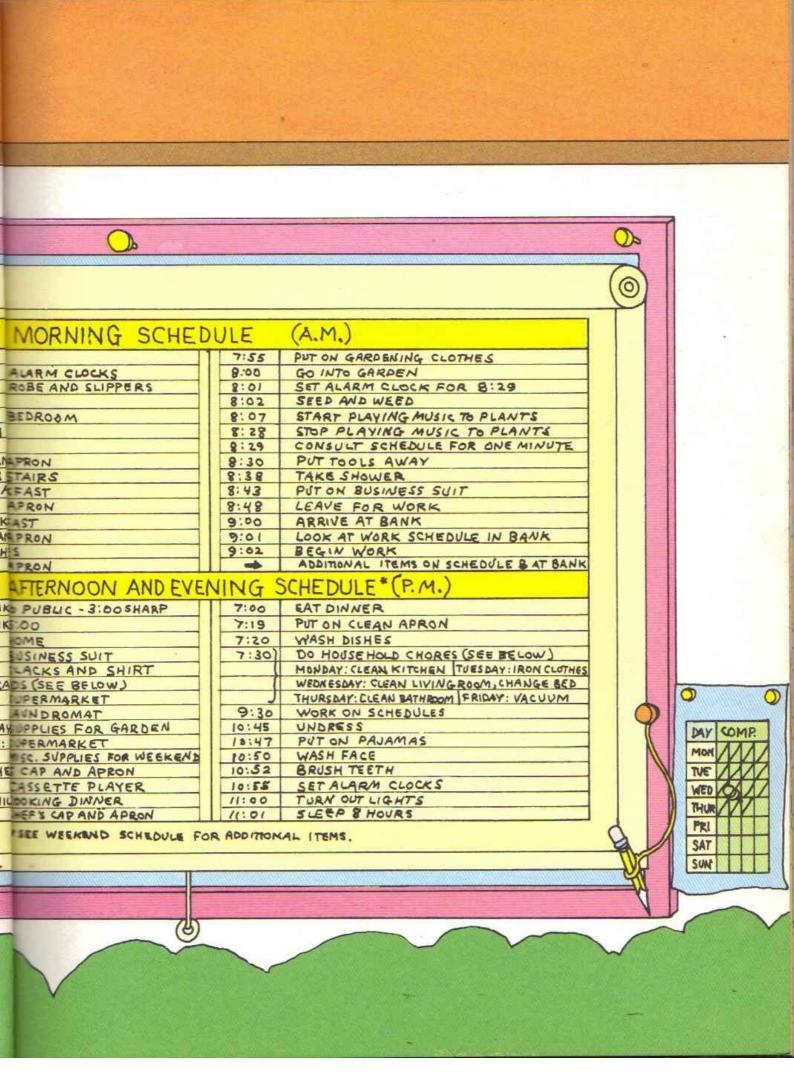


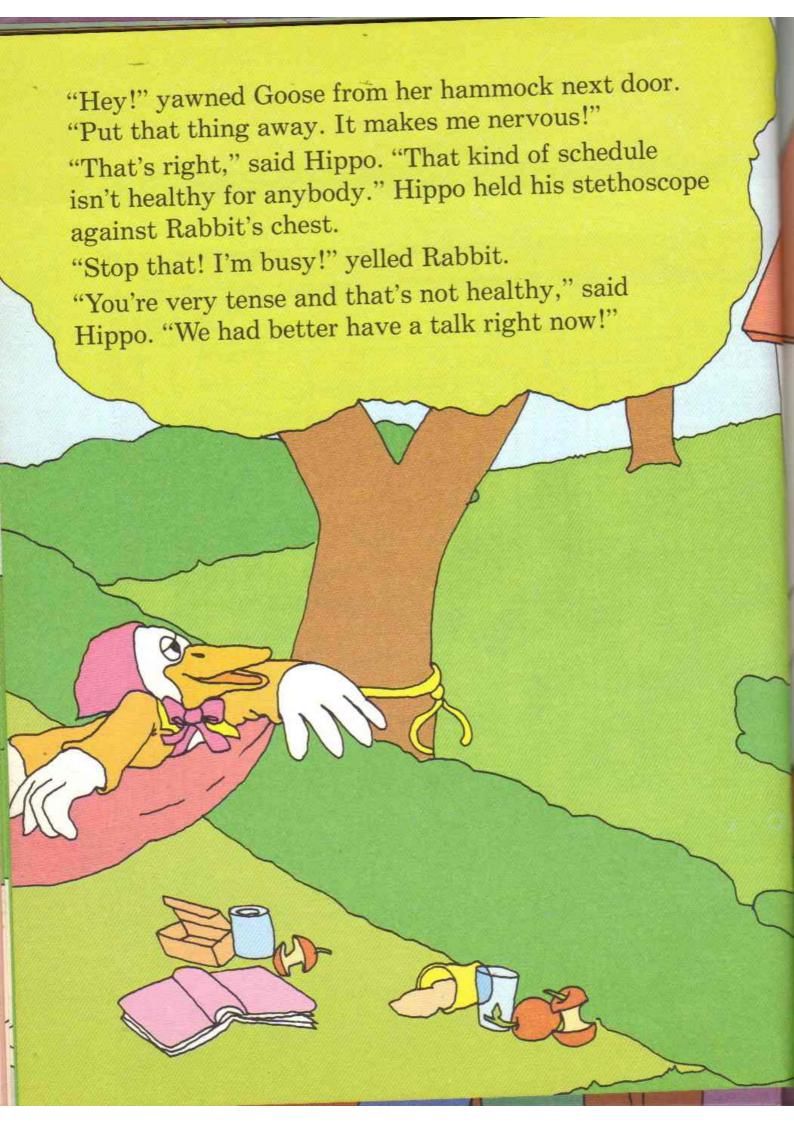


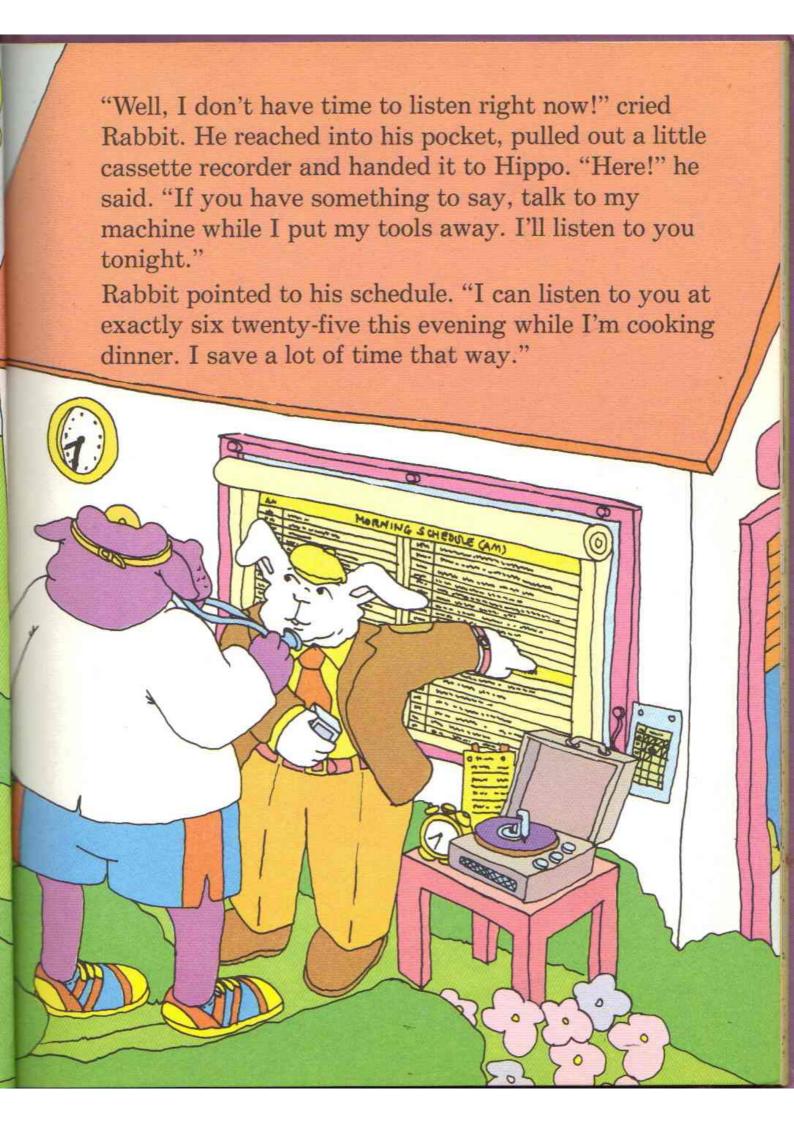


Rabbit hopped over to the garage and looked at his schedule for exactly one minute.

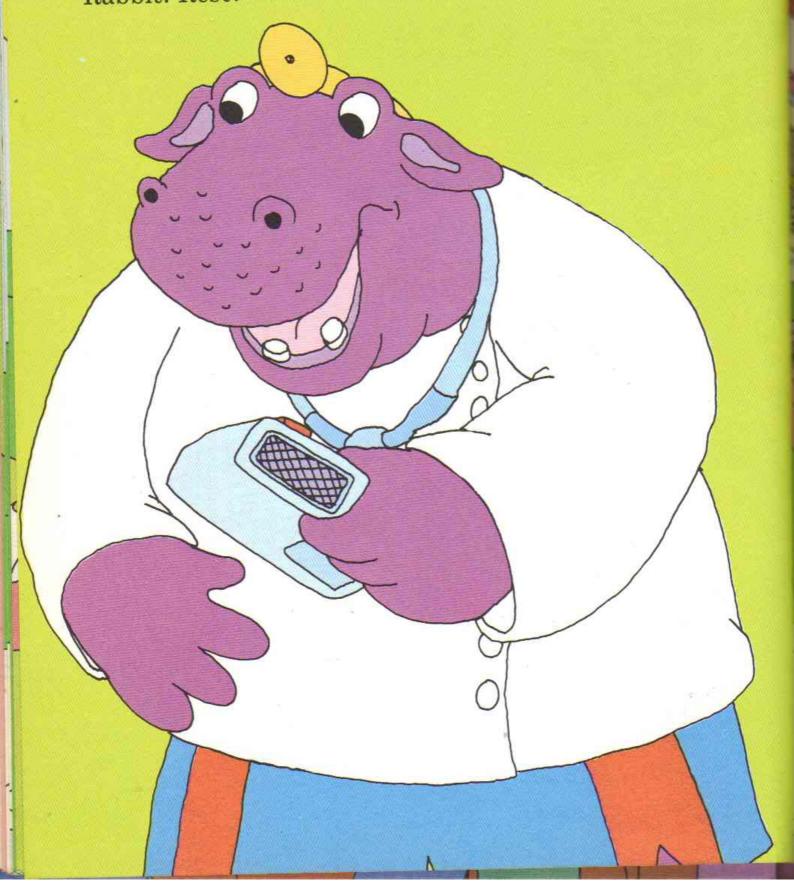


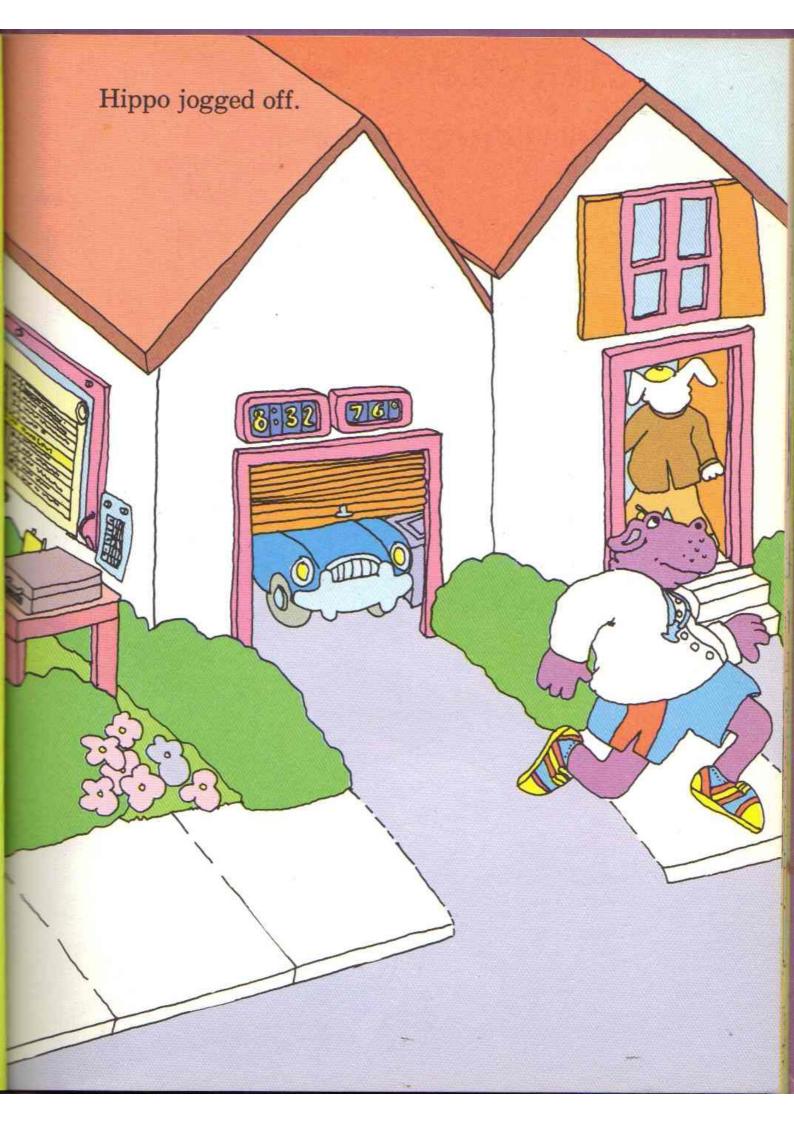






Hippo pressed the recording button and spoke into the machine. "Hippo to Rabbit," he said. "Take a healthy tip from a friend. You know all that time you save? You should spend it resting. Take it easy, Rabbit. Rest!"



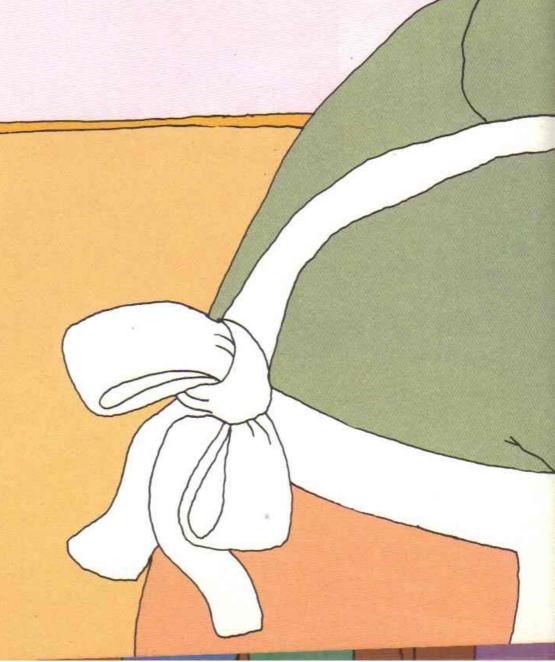


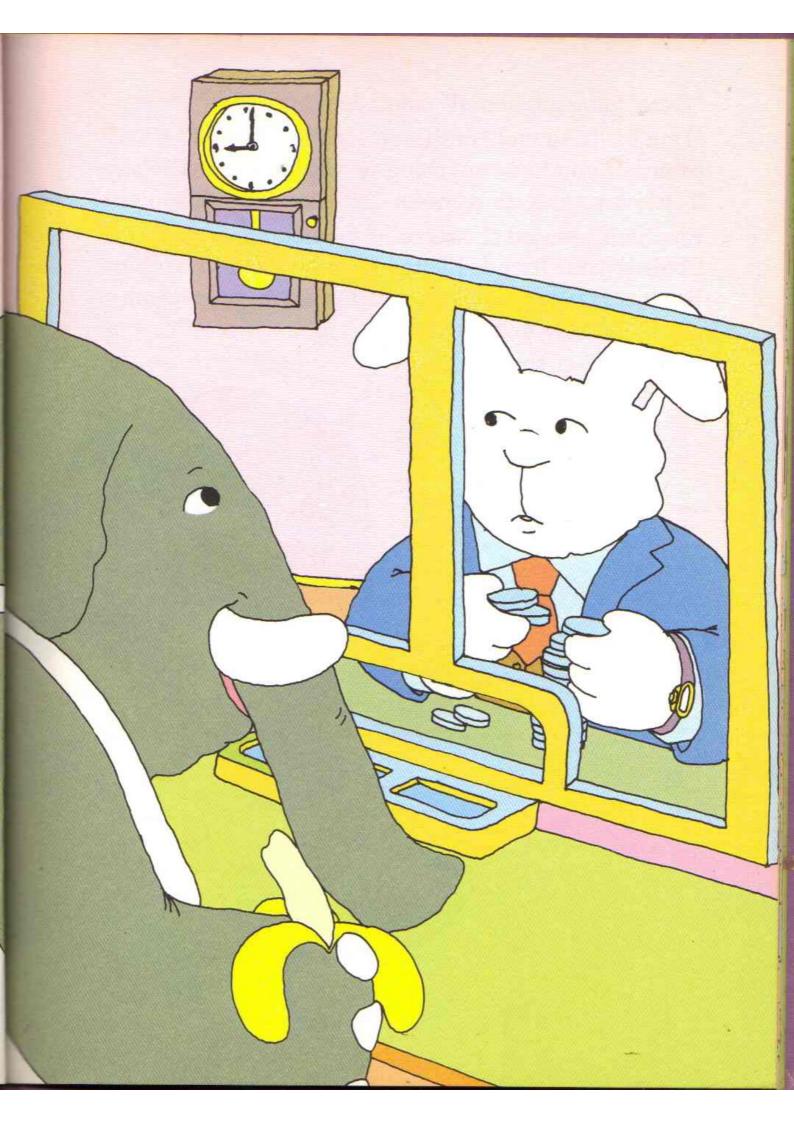
At exactly nine o'clock, Rabbit unlocked the bank door. At 9:01 he was ready for business.

Elephant was the first customer. She wanted some change.

"You know, Rabbit," said Elephant, munching a banana, "you look a little tired to me. Maybe you're not eating right."

Rabbit frowned. He was counting. "... fifty-five, sixty. Sixty-five, seventy. Seventy-five, shhh," said Rabbit, "can't you see I'm counting?"



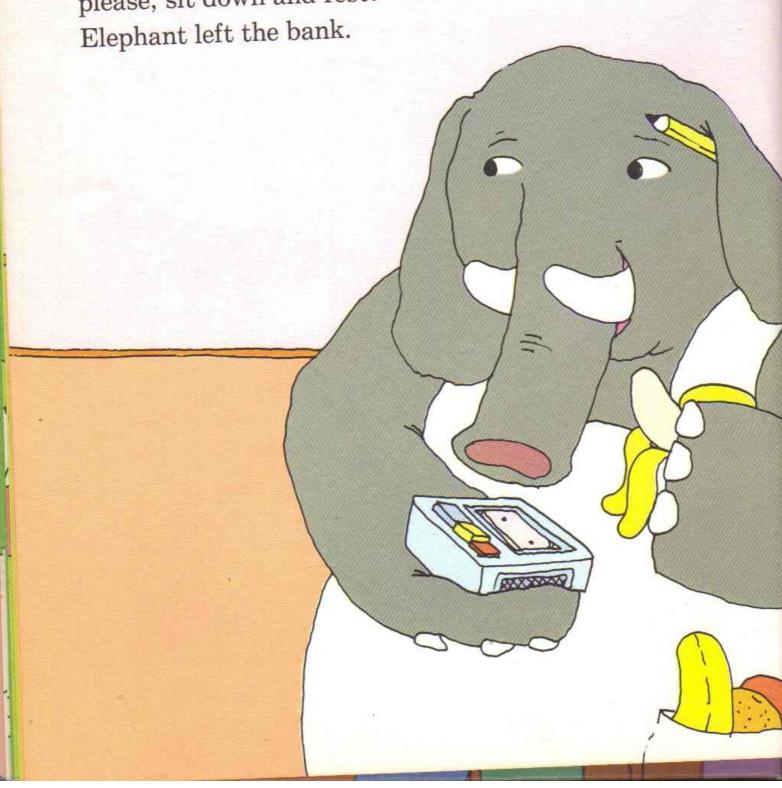


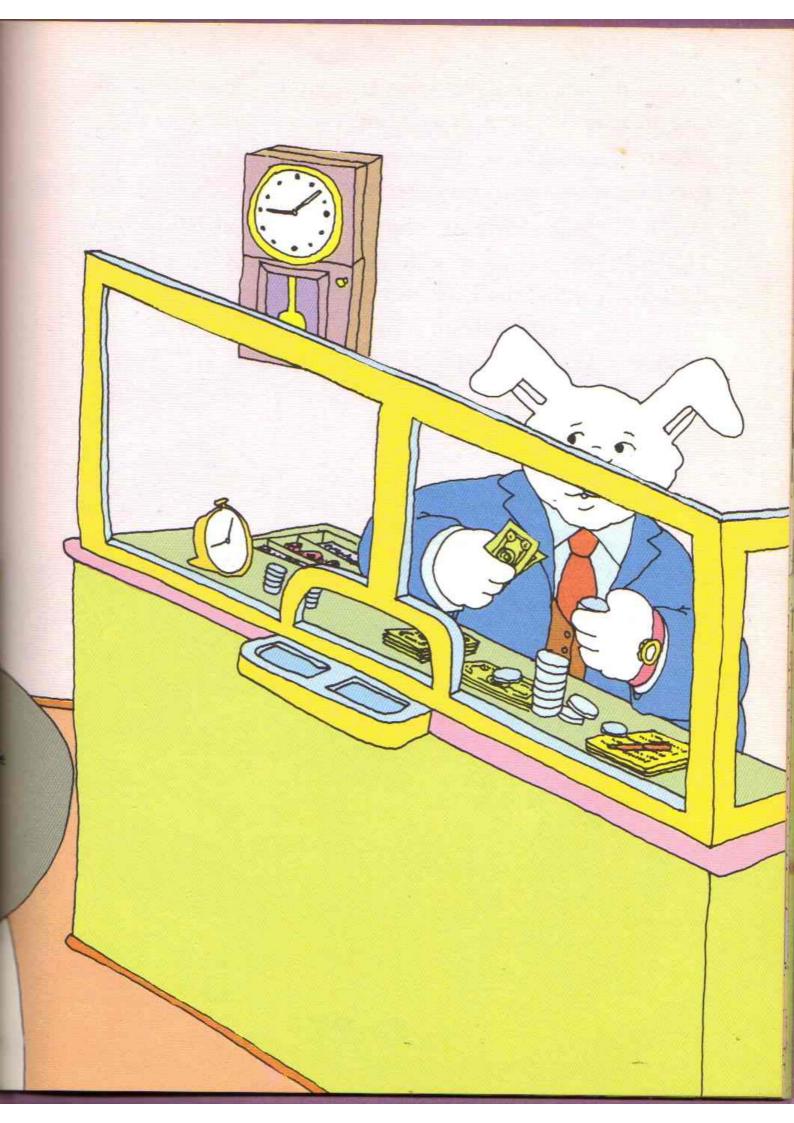
"Here, have a banana!" said Elephant.

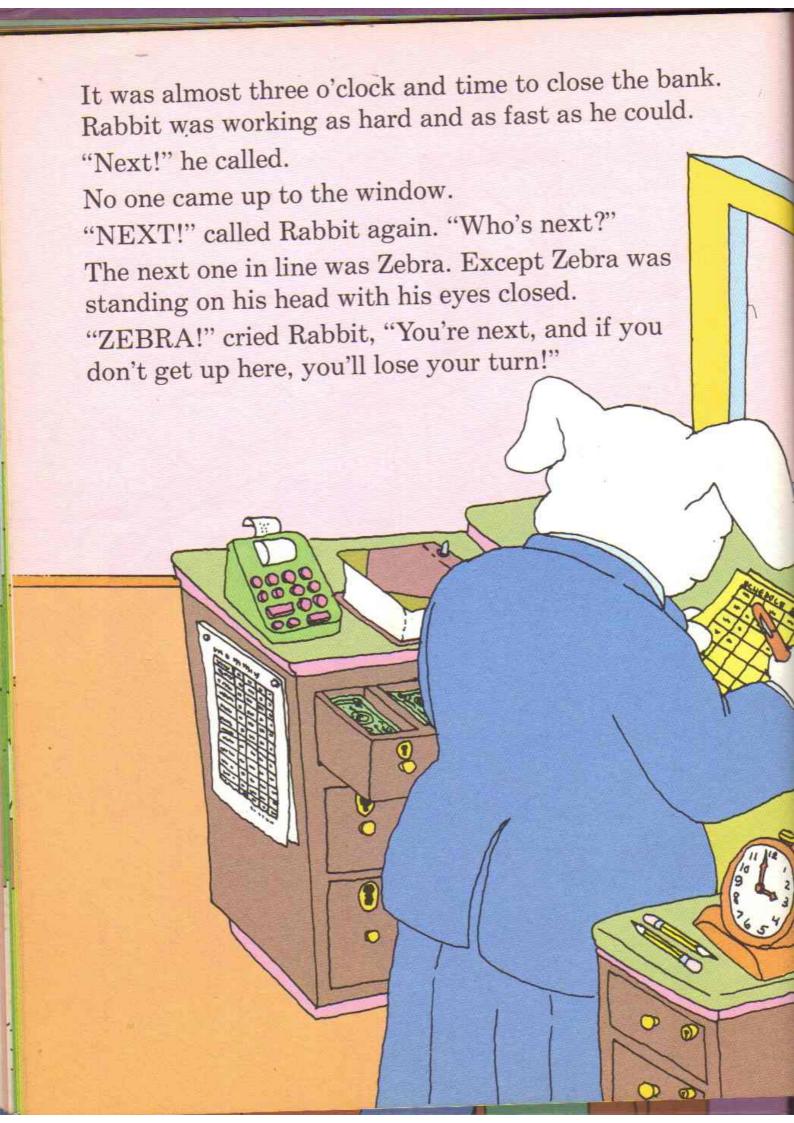
"Don't talk to me!" muttered Rabbit. "Now I've lost

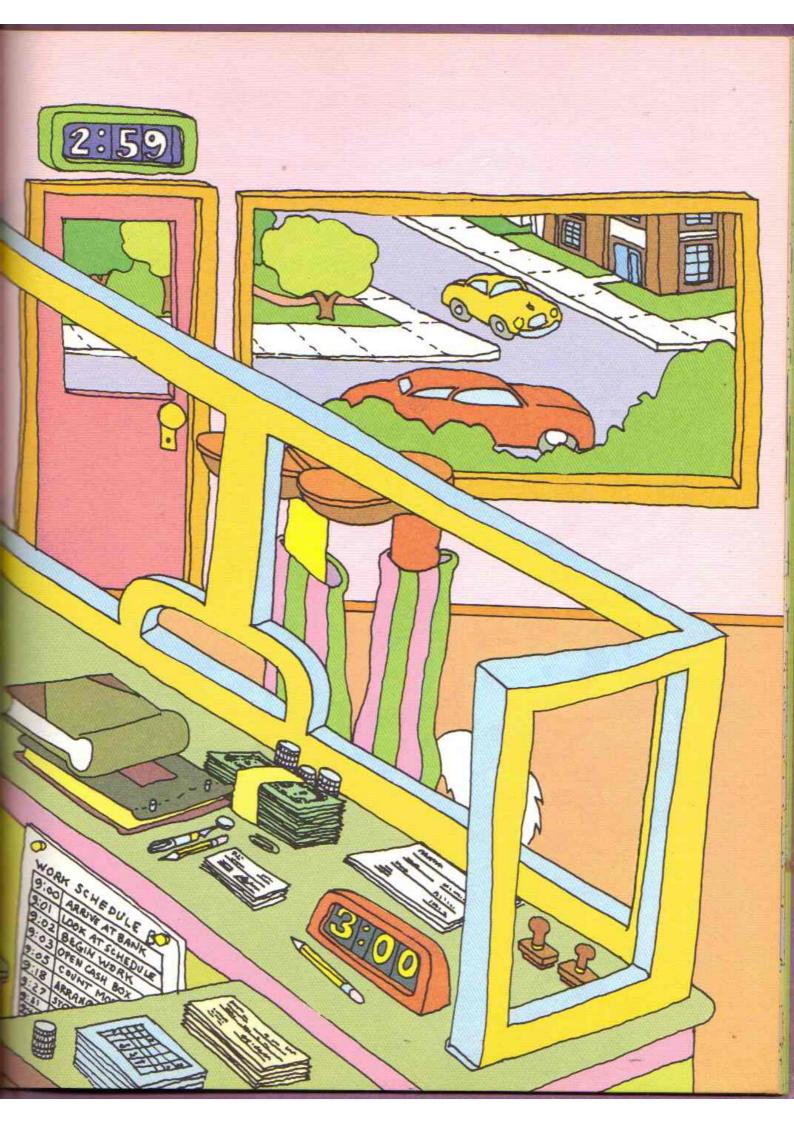
count. If you have anything to say to me, kindly say it into my cassette recorder. I'll listen to you tonight!"

Elephant pressed the recording button and said, "This is your friend, Elephant. You look a little thin, Rabbit. Have some cookies. Have some soup. And, please, sit down and rest!"





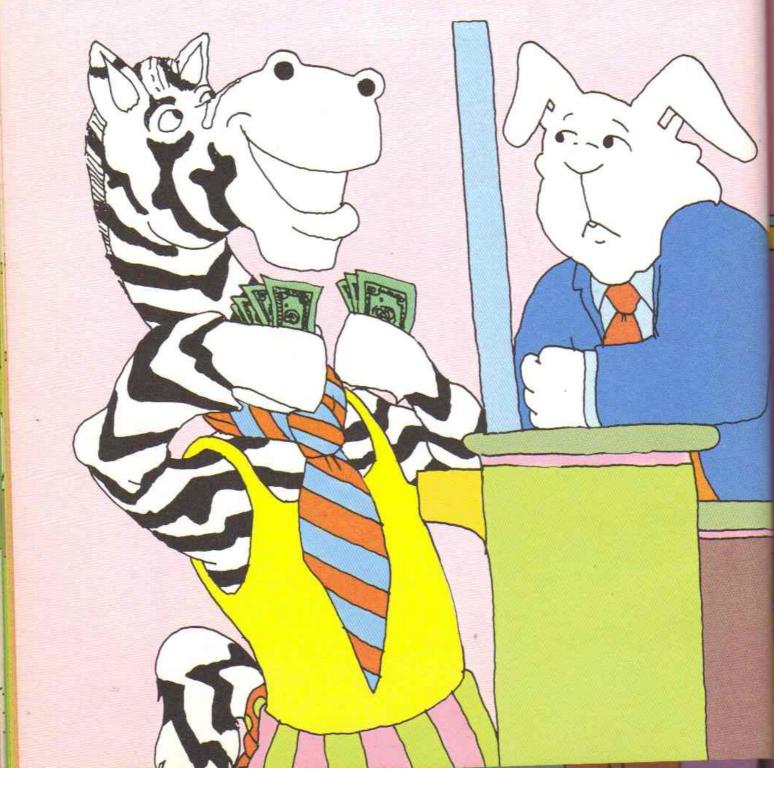




Zebra flipped himself right side up and zipped up to the window. "I was doing my Yoga," laughed Zebra. "It's a relaxing way to stand in line."

"Relax on your own time!" grumbled Rabbit. "What can I do for you?"

"I want fourteen hundred and forty pennies," said Zebra. "A penny for every minute in a day."



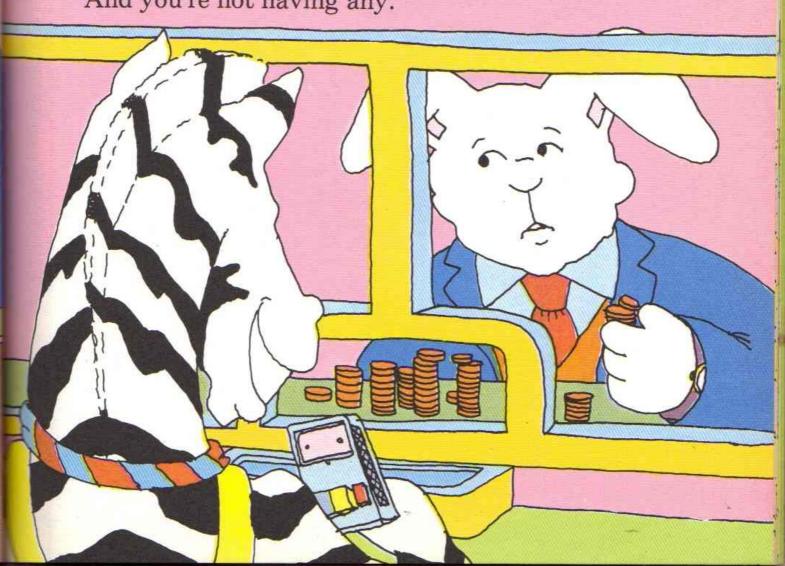
"How can you ask me to count all those pennies at two minutes to closing?" snapped Rabbit. "I'll be late on my schedule!".

"I could have asked you for eighty-six thousand, four hundred pennies," giggled Zebra. "That's a penny for every second in a day."

"Why?" sighed Rabbit. "Why are you doing this to me?"

"Give me your recorder and I'll tell you why," said Zebra. "Keep counting the pennies."

Zebra pressed the recording button and said, "Hello. Guess who this is. You know all those pennies you're counting? Well, that's how much time for fun there is. And you're not having any."

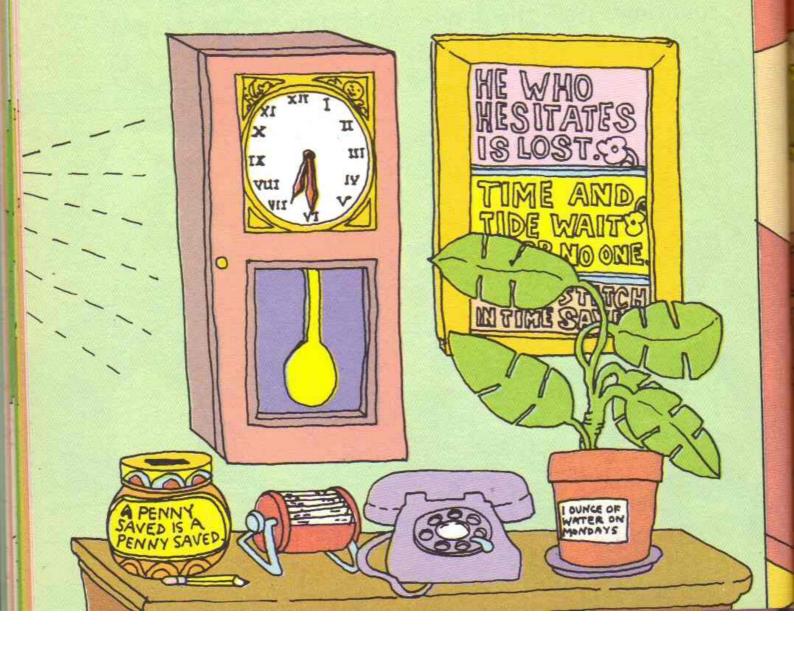


That evening, at exactly six twenty-five, Rabbit switched on his cassette recorder. He listened to Hippo and diced the carrots.

He listened to Elephant and peeled a tomato.

When he heard Zebra, Rabbit shouted, "This is outrageous! I am the most responsible, reliable, dependable and accountable citizen in this town. And as for resting, I sleep eight hours every night and that's just right!" Rabbit looked at the clock. "Oh, my goodness," he cried. "I'm three and a half minutes behind schedule!"

Just then the doorbell rang.



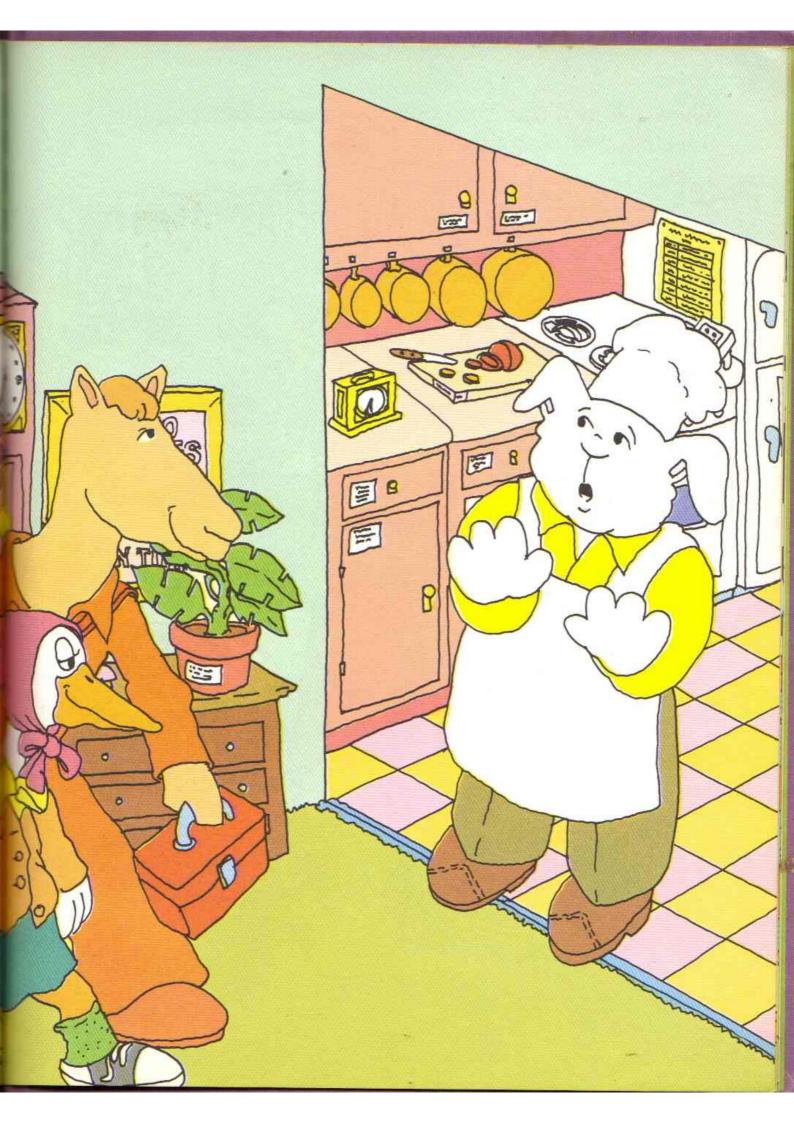


It was Hippo and Elephant and Zebra and Camel and Goose.

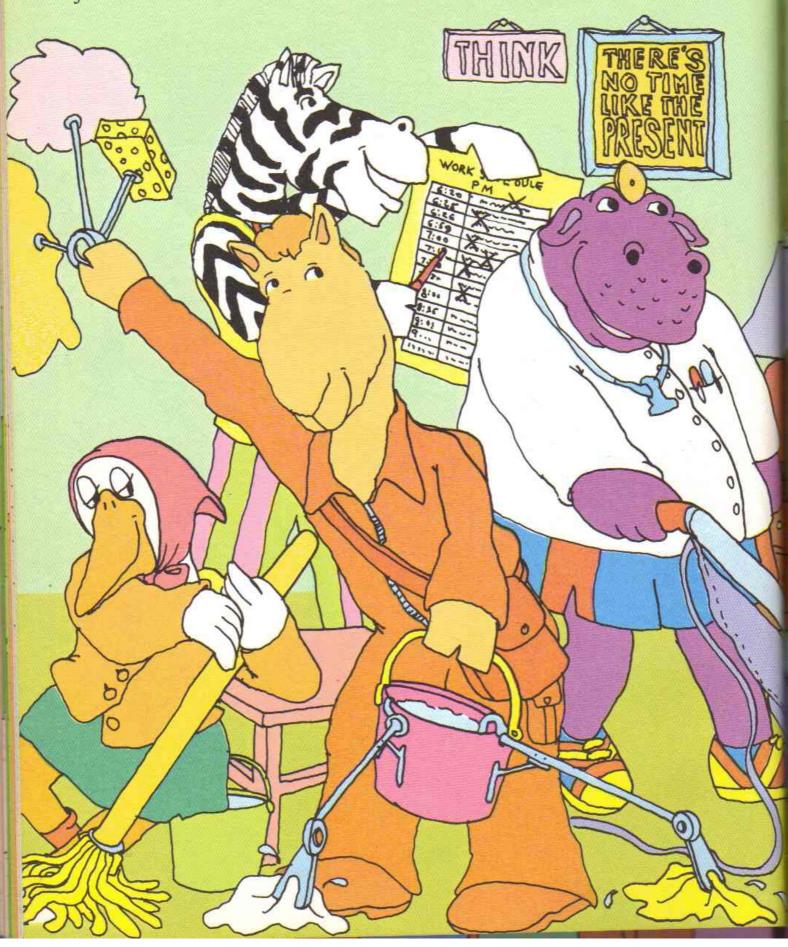
"Please go away," said Rabbit. "I'm busy."

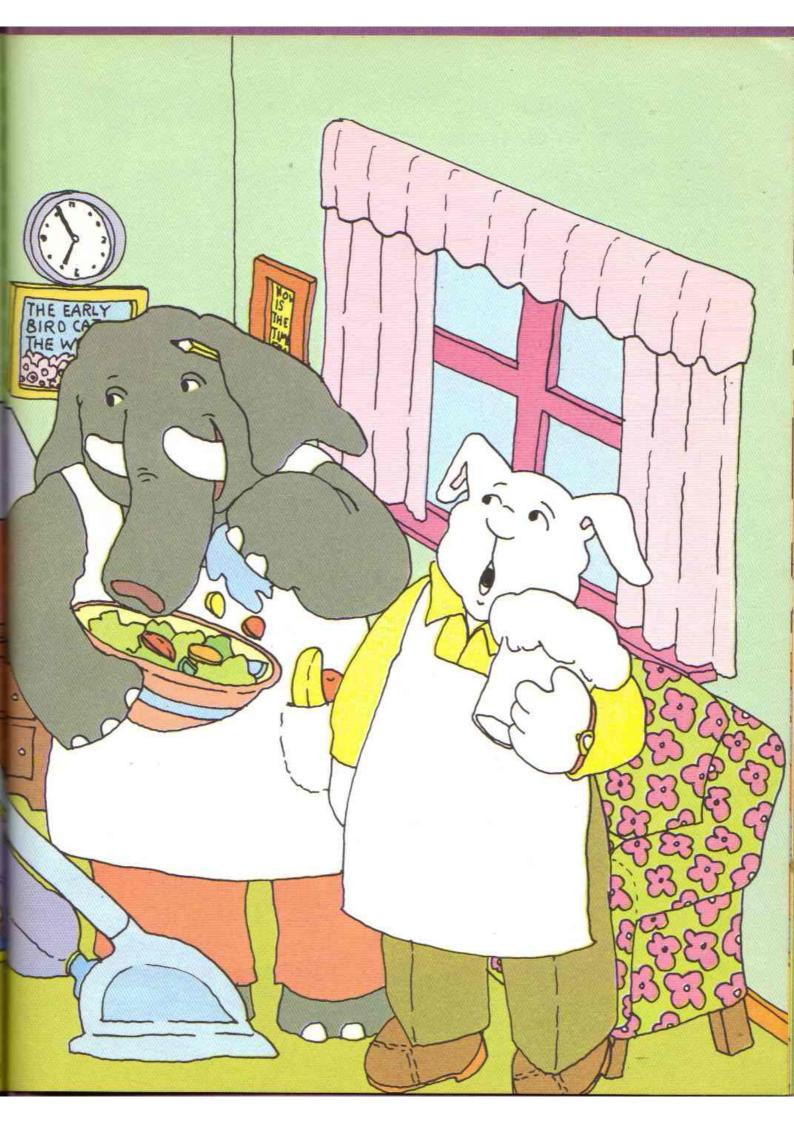
"You're always busy," said Elephant. "That's why we're here. We're going to make some time for you."

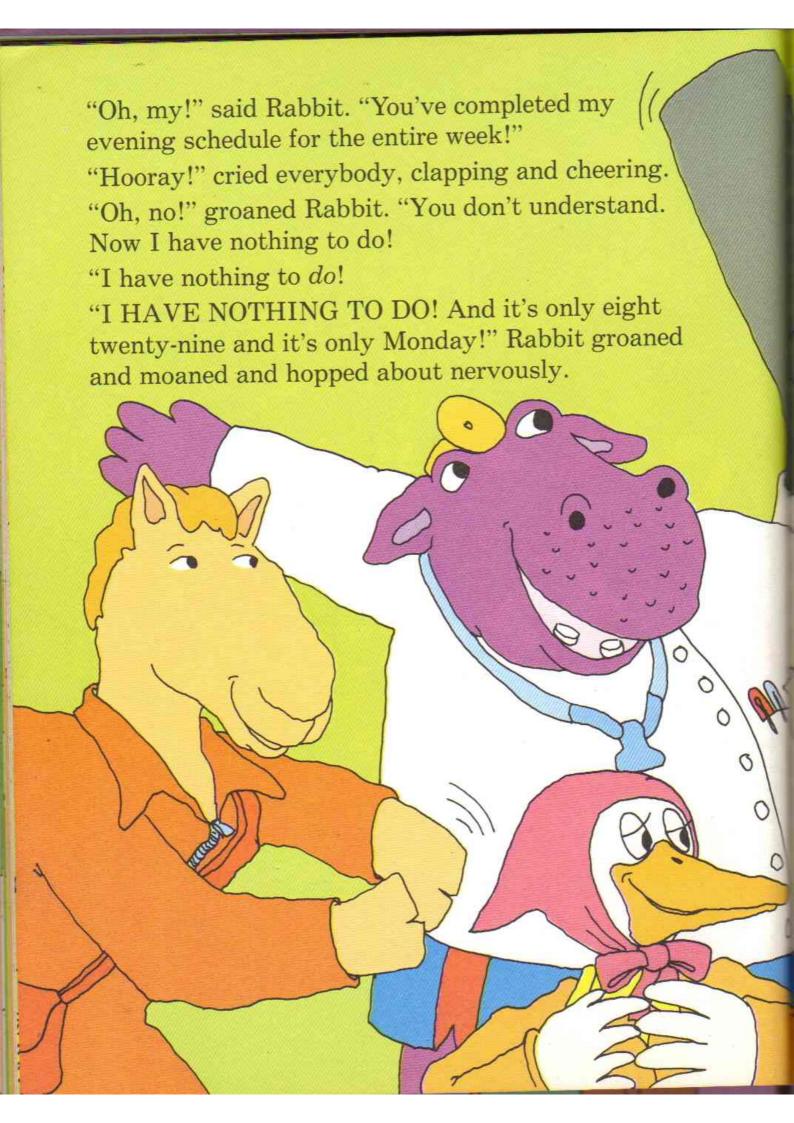


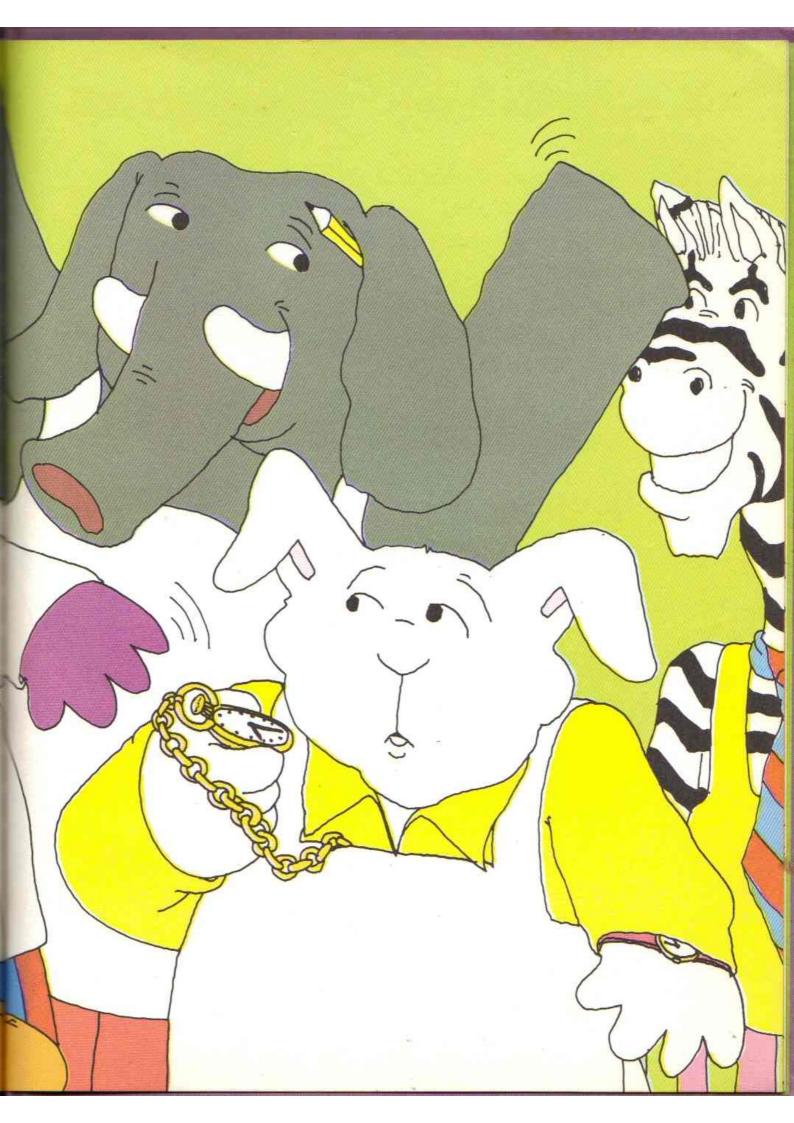


They marched into the house and began doing all the jobs listed on Rabbit's schedule.

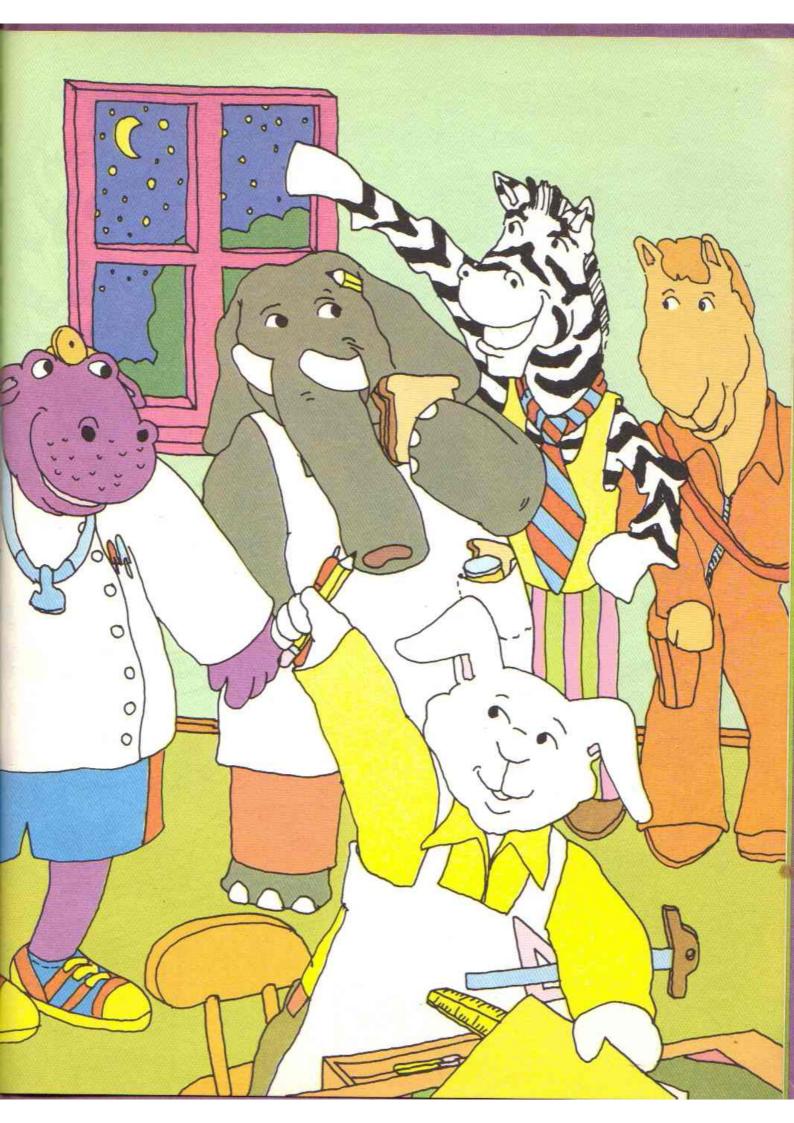


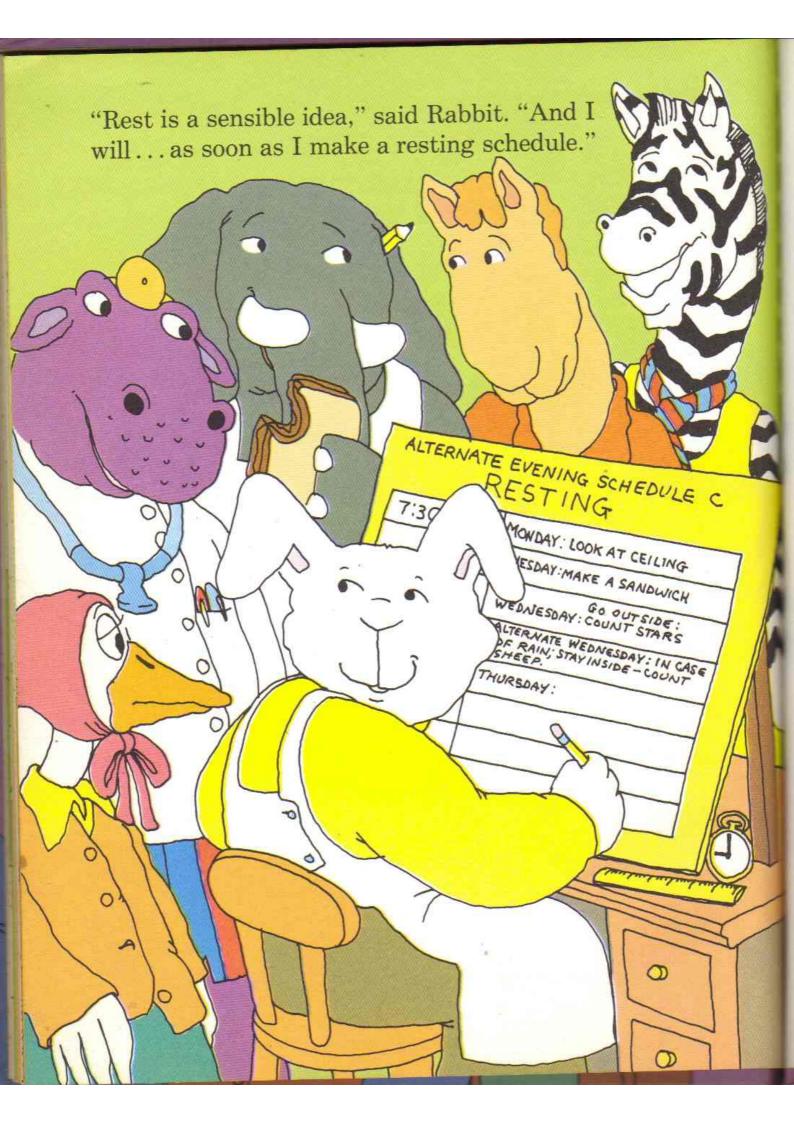


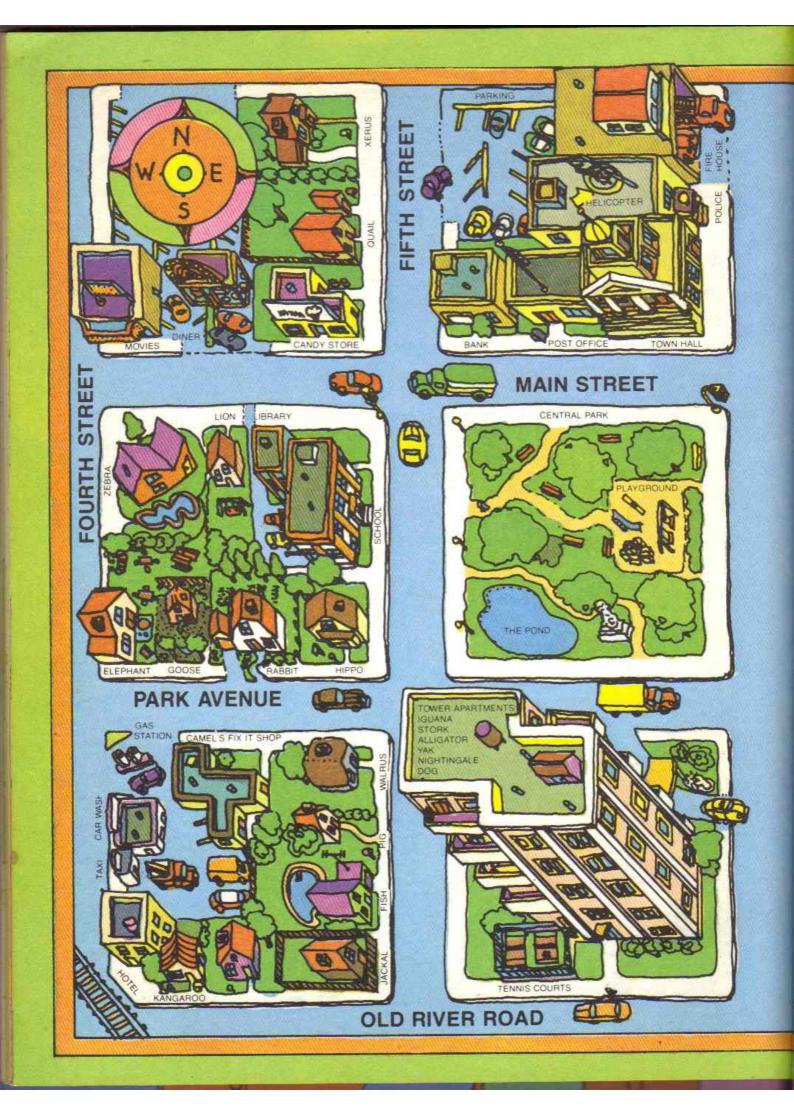


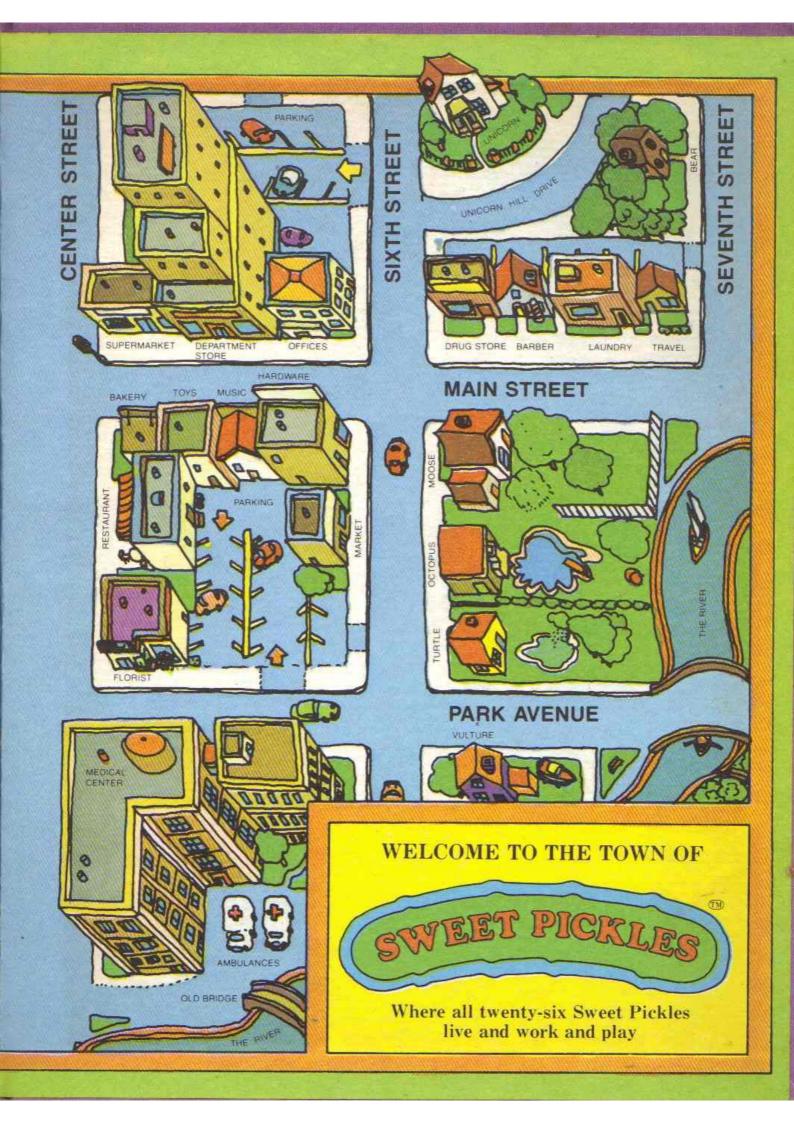


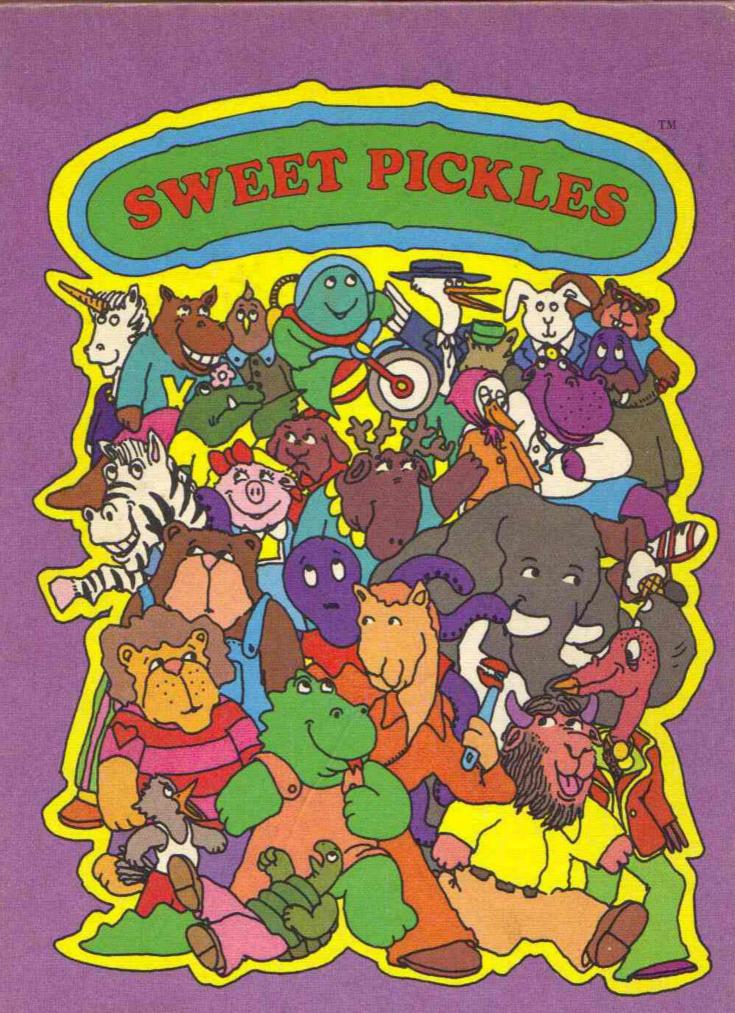
"Nothing to do," smiled Hippo, "is exactly what we had in mind." "Now you can rest, Rabbit," said Elephant. "I suppose you're right," said Rabbit. "I suppose I should rest." His voice trailed off into a small whisper. "But I don't know how!" "Just lie down," yawned Goose, "and look at the ceiling." "Or make yourself a peanut butter sandwich," said Elephant. "Or go outside and count the stars," smiled Zebra. "Just a minute!" exclaimed Rabbit. He ran for rulers and markers and pencils and papers and clocks.











Weekly Reader Books